

The Historie

A poore vnminde outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcōme to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocēcie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords, and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnes knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Raueuspurgh,
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behinde him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king,
Soone after that, depriv'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole state:
To make that woorse, suffred his kinsman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

of Henry the

Indeed his king) to be ingag'd in Wales
There without rancome to lie forfeit
Disgrac't me in my happie victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vnkle from the counsell
In rage dismiss'd my father from the Crowne
Broke othe on othe, committed wrong
And in conclusion, droue vs to seek
This head of safetie, and withall to
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter. Wee'l
Go to the King, and let there be im
Some suretie for a safe returne again
And in the morning early shall min
Bring him our purposes, and so fare

Blunt. I would you would accept

Hot. And may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke,

Arch. Hie, good sir Mighel, beare
With winged haste to the Lord Mar
This to my coosen Scroope, and al
To whom they are directed. If you
How much they doe import, you v

Sir M. My good Lord, I gesse t

Arch. Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good sir Mighell, is a
Wherein, the fortune of ten thous
Must bide the touch. For sir, at Sh
As I am truly giuen to vnderstan
The king with mighty and quicke
Meetes with Lord Harry: And I fe
What with the sicknesse of North
Whose power was in the first prop
And what with Owen Glendower
Who with them was a rated sinew